

TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE

Translator of Hope

At the end of this sentence, rain will begin.

- Derek Walcott

I am that link; a purpose.
I possess powerful bones
Uncanny powers to breathe life,
To transfer images and idioms
From one code to another. My words
Are milestones for generations.

I change dress code, wear *kajal*
And gloss my lips to look *deshi*.
My tanned skin glows brown in Malabar.
As the wind blows old tales make me blush.
I write for Bengal tigers.
Elephants dance in jazz.
Old, yellow pages from the diary
Exalt in a lithe summer dance.

No language is mother tongue,
Not mother's biopic.

My sweet fingers pluck tea buds
My brown skin dazzles in white.
My friendship with other camp
Keeps up hope for survival.

It rains somewhere, near my village.

Jaydeep Sarangi

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